

PRICE, 10 CENTS
AUGUST 19, 1909
VOL. LIV, NO. 1399
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY
LIFE PUBLISHING CO.

5

Model 3



FROM THE MIRROR.

C. COLES PHILLIPS.



THE marked difference in wheel diameter, shown by comparison of the tires of the Oldsmobile Limited with those of average size, is a fair measure of the difference between the "Limited" and all other cars . . . In luxurious riding qualities over any kind of surface; in all the elements of "roadability" and in economical maintenance, not only of the car but of the tires as well, the Oldsmobile makes its precedence assured and unassailable.

The silence, power and reliability of the driving mechanism remain unchanged, but in announcing the types for the season of 1910, special attention is called to these important changes in wheel diameters:

all six-cylinder cars have 42 inch wheels
all four-cylinder cars have 36 inch wheels

The four-cylinder Oldsmobile is 40 horse-power, with four speed selective transmission. The wheel base has been increased to 118 inches.

Seven passenger touring cars; two, three and four passenger roadster; toy tonneau and closed cars will be built.

The six-cylinder Oldsmobile is 60 horse-power and will be known as the "Oldsmobile Limited." The seven passenger car is shown above; a roadster body, for two, three or four passengers, will be built on the same chassis. The 1909 edition of this car was oversold and a few early deliveries will be made of the 1910 car, but the year's output is limited.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICH.

Wisdom.

As your teeth are wanted
to last—for time to come—
begin at once their daily
antiseptic cleansing with

Calvert's

Carbolic Tooth Powder.

Price from 15cts. Sample and booklet from Park &
Tilford, 927 Broadway, New York.
Makers: F. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester, England.
Canadian Depot: 349 Dorchester Street West, Montreal.



"OH, NETTIE! THIS MUST BE ONE OF
THOSE CHARMING LITTLE BUNGALOWS
WE'VE HEARD SO MUCH OF!"

Would Account for It

O'SHEA: 'Tis strange we never hear any
more about that famous Filippino, Aggynaldo; I
wonder what become iv him?

MULCAHY: I'll bet ye they ilticted him Vice-
President iv th' Filippines!—*Illustrated Sunday
Magazine.*

"I ADMIT I have the fault you mention,"
said the conceited man, self-complacently, "but
it's the only fault I have, and it's a small one."
"Yes," replied Knox, "just like the small hole
that makes a plugged nickel no good."—*Catholic
Standard and Times.*

**9,059-Word
Business Book Free**

Simply send us a postal and ask for our free illus-
trated 9,059-word Business Booklet which tells how
priceless Business Experience, squeezed from the
lives of 112 big, broad, brainy, business men may be
made yours—yours to boost your salary, to increase
your profits. This free booklet deals with

- How to manage a business
- How to sell goods
- How to get money by mail
- How to buy at rock-bottom
- How to collect money
- How to stop cost leaks
- How to train and handle men
- How to get and hold a position
- How to advertise a business
- How to devise office methods

Sending for this free book binds you to nothing, involves you
in no obligation, yet it may be the means of starting you on a
broader career. Surely you will not deny yourself this privilege,
when it involves only the risk of a postal—a penny! Simply say
"Send on your 9,059-word Booklet." Send to
System, Dept. 221-14, 151-153 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

**The 30th
Locomobile**



**30 Shaft Drive 1910 40 Chain Drive
The Locomobile Co. of America
Bridgeport Conn.**

**NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO
PHILADELPHIA SAN FRANCISCO**

MEMBER ASSOCIATION LICENSED AUTOMOBILE MFRS

His News

"The only news I have to tell you," wrote the
Billville citizen, "is that the river has riz an'
drowned all yer cattle, an' yer uncle has broke
jail; likewise the widdier woman you wuz a-goin'
ter marry has runned off with a book agent. Out-
side of these here things, we air all doin' well."
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

WHEN the *Lusitania* arrived in New York
from Liverpool a short time ago a group of pas-
sengers were gathered on the pier vainly looking
for a porter to cart their trunks over to the
express wagon. Just as they were becoming
thoroughly discouraged an exceedingly jovial and
energetic colored man came bustling up with a
small truck. "Here I am, ladies and gentlemen.
Don't worry about yo' trunks. Leave it all to
me. Jus' don't worry. I'll tend to you"—and
then, in a final burst of confidence—"you sho'
can trust me—I'se an adopted son of Mr.
Cunard."—*Argonaut.*

**FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—**



COPYRIGHT 1909 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI

"WHO IS GOING TO WASH THE DISHES?"

There is the rock that has wrecked many a camping party—the three-times-a-day argument as to whose turn it is to "do" the dishes.

Now, the dishes must be done; and while dish-washing will never become a popular pastime, it can be made much less unpleasant than it is, if you use Ivory Soap instead of ordinary laundry soap.

Ivory is the ideal soap for the bath, for the toilet, for fine laundry purposes *and*

for washing dishes. It is purer and infinitely milder than ordinary laundry soap. It contains no "free" alkali, no injurious ingredient of any kind. It cleans but it does not harm. It floats—and every camper knows what an advantage that is.

The moral is as plain as a pikestaff: When you go camping, take an abundant supply of Ivory Soap with you. Wash with it, bathe with it, "do" the dishes with it.

Ivory Soap It Floats.



LIFE



"RING AROUND THE MOON"

As to Mr. Rockefeller's Ambition

URBANA, OHIO, August 5, 1909.

DEAR LIFE:

What does Uncle John Rockefeller's ambition look to you to be in these days? Yours, etc.,

ELMER C. FOX.

IT seems almost impertinent to guess on such a private matter, about which an opinion must rest of course in pure conjecture. Of course Uncle John D.'s ambition is largely fulfilled and in the bank. We don't suppose that he is regularly bursting with restless eagerness in any direction just now.

But if you will have us guess (and remember, we are only guessing), we should say, judging merely from so much of Uncle John's proceedings as are in public sight, that he aspires in these later years to make salvation a by-product of petroleum.

His experiments, as we read of them, look like that, and interesting and very intelligent experiments they are—just a grain more intelligent, we sometimes think, than Brother Andy's in a parallel direction.

THE public gets the returns on election night; the politicians and the trusts get the returns the rest of the time.

Congratulations

LIFE is glad to know that two more States, Ohio and Illinois, have joined in the war against vivisection. This is two more blows, one may say, on the solar plexus of Humbug.



WHY SO MUCH GOOD MATERIAL IS REJECTED IN THE SUMMER TIME.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LIV. AUGUST 19, 1909. No. 1399

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York



IT cannot truthfully be said that the new tariff bill is a promising infant. The great benefit that seems likely to accrue from it is educational rather than economical. The fellows who tried hard to make it a great deal worse than it is were licked, but they got too much. We have faith to believe that, on the whole, the bill does revise downward a little. A few raw materials have been put on the free list. As for the rest we may know more later, when the true inwardness of various schedules is disclosed. Everything that women wear and most things that men wear, except shoes and gloves, have been increased. Very little, indeed, has been done for the relief of the consumer.

Except for the President's interposition the bill would have been too scandalous for him to sign. He did something, and what he did he did well. The important point is that in his efforts to get a bill that would at least accord with the theory of protection and the Republican platform he represented the desires of a majority of the voters of the Republican party and that Senator Aldrich and Speaker Cannon, in their efforts to get higher protection than ever for all the favored industries, represented opposition to the will of their party.

That was important, and is considered, not without due grounds, to mark the turn of Republican policy anent the tariff. The opposition of the Progressive Republican Senators from the Middle West to the Aldrich programme was very significant. There were debates that counted, not in changing votes in the Senate, but in

exposing the old-fashioned processes of tariff tinkering, informing the people as to what was going on, and providing an arsenal of facts and arguments against the next anti-tariff campaign. The special session has closed, leaving high protection on its defense and more vulnerable than it has been for half a century. Its chiefs were defied, its sponsors' statements were refuted and their impudence considerably abashed.



IT is complained that the President should have begun sooner to coerce Congress into making such a law as he wanted. Inasmuch as he is already amply blamed for interference with the constitutional right of Congress to make the laws, it can be imagined what would have been said of him if he meddled earlier. He did not get the law he wanted, but he got a bill that he was willing to sign, and that accorded very modestly with the Republican platform. That was more than most observers imagined would be possible. Moreover, he let the extreme high protectionists expose fully their intentions and methods and let it transpire that they no longer had the backing of their own party. So it seems to us that Mr. Taft has done fairly well.

And Mr. Payne has come off well, too. He seems to have seen the new writing on the Republican wall, and paid some attention to it—not much, but a good deal for an old-line protectionist Republican tariff smith. The bill came his way finally and will bear his name and not Mr. Aldrich's.



GOVERNOR JOHNSON of Minnesota says it is time that the West threw off the shackles of the East. He told the folks at Seattle the

other day that Minnesota and Washington and the States between and to the south of them "should rise in their might and claim for themselves that fair share of influence in . . . national affairs to which they are entitled."

All right, Governor! Shed the shackles; rise and claim! What's to hinder? We didn't know there were any shackles. Years ago the East had capital and the West had land, and so the East came to own some mortgages on the West. It also owned stocks and bonds of railroad that penetrated the West. Were those the shackles? Well, they're gone. The mortgages have pretty much been paid off, and the Western legislatures have nothing but the Constitution and the courts between them and the railroads, so the railroad bonds are not shackles any longer, no matter who owns them.

What shackles, then, Governor? Shackles of the mind they must be, if any. What does the West want that the East is keeping it out of? Bryan, maybe. But you can't complain to much purpose between Minnesota and Washington because you haven't got Bryan. What else? Downward revision? Soon may you get it. The West will get immense applause in the East and good help in any effort to break the tariff shackle.

The only Eastern shackle that we can think of that could gall the West is an imaginary one. It must be that the West has the sort of mutinous regard for the opinions of the East that a younger settlement tends constitutionally to have for the opinions of an older one. The East has more history and perhaps more prestige than the West, just as England has more history than the United States, and perhaps the West is bothered by its conception of what the East thinks, just as the East used to be bothered by what the English thought.

If that's the trouble, Governor, be appeased. That shackle is a mere spook. The admiration of the East for the West is fairly pathetic. The East is crazy about the West. It watches its growth in wealth and legislated virtue with shining eyes, and the most it really hopes for is grace and strength to stay in the ring with it.



Percy Terrapin: EXCUSE ME, MR. FROG, IF I DRAW IN MY HEAD A MOMENT. I OWE HARDSHELL A FIVER AND IT'S JUST AS WELL HE DOESN'T RECOGNIZE ME.

The Obvious

"HOW much do you love me?"

The beautiful creature at his side looked at him appealingly.

"Do you really want to know?" he asked doubtfully.

"I must know."

"Very well, then. I love you a little more than playing poker, and a little less than my regular business. I love you



NO THEY HAVE NOT FALLEN OUT!

more after I have had a good dinner and a good cigar than I do before. I love you about half as much as the first girl I ever loved—who was ten years older than I was—and more than I ever expect to love anyone else until I get to be over fifty. I love your extravagancies more than your economies, because they cause me more trouble. I love what I cannot verify in you more than what I know."

"And why?" she persisted, "do you dare to tell me all this—which I know to be true."



BOUND IN MOROCCO

Prediction Baffled

NOTICE has been given of an impending alliance by marriage between the illustrious Massachusetts families of Thomas Lawson and Sam McCall.

A marriage of reform to legislation! Tom is a stock-broker who has had lapses into reform, and might have been a man of letters. Sam is a Congressman who might have been a college president.

What their common descendants may live to become defies and flabbergasts the whole apparatus of prediction. They will be rich, however, and may sink into sport, finance and mere conservative, pleasure-seeking respectability.

The Real Thing

"WHAT'S doing in the way of amusements?" asks the new-comer of the old inhabitant of Hades.

"Baseball game every afternoon," answers the old inhabitant.

"Baseball? You don't mean it! That's great. I was a fan from 'way back, on earth. On the square, do you have baseball every day?"

"Sure thing."

"By ginger! This place suits me. Baseball! Say, this can't be hell, then."

"Yes, it is. The home team always loses."

Our Fresh Air Fund

Previously acknowledged.....	\$5,117.07
"Life's Slave".....	5.00
L. Leverin Sorensen.....	5.00
Mrs. Lewis Stewart.....	9.52
"In memorium G. V. T.".....	1.00
Geo. W. Clyde.....	50.00
"Proceeds of lawn fete promoted by Mary Ogle and Ella Swank, assisted by Bertha Stammer, Lillian Denham, Mary Green, Margaret Green, Helen Sloan, Margaret Sloan, Rebecca Stackhouse, Helen Winder, Marion Kaylor, Catherine Weaver, Margaret Endsley and Katherine Bryan".....	58.00
Walter Boswell.....	10.00
"F. N. M.".....	5.00
"Cash".....	5.00
"Cash".....	25.00
"Junius, Beverley and Lillian".....	9.00
"Another mite".....	3.00
"Hawaii".....	25.00
Sabbath offering August 1 at Camp Champlain.....	3.55
L. K. M.....	10.00
E. F. K.....	10.00
R. Radcliffe Whitehead.....	4.67
"Through Miss Harriet N. Murphy, from a friend".....	25.00
A. H. W.....	100.00

\$5,480.81

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

A magnificent candy treat from George P. Ingersoll.

POSTALS FROM LIFE'S FARM

Dear Mama I got your letter Thursday morning and I got 10c in it I am buying 4 postal cards

I hope that papa is not drinking and I hope that he is got a job and is working hard I am having a good time and we get good food to eat and we have good beds to sleep but wait at the station for me good-bye write soon.

Conning home soon at 20 minnets at 8 Jack Grant is having a fine time please answer to me soon from your loving daughter Annie

Dear Ma:
I received your letter and thank you for the gum. I have some apples already for you. We went out picking huckleberries



"WHAT IS WORTH DOING AT ALL IS WORTH DOING WELL"

but we did not have enough to bring home so we ate them

Dear Mother,
Did you get the waist off a boy that I loaned to him. And I'll be home Tuesday at 8 A. M. on July 20 1909. I hope the family is in good health as I leave the same.
From your loving Son.

A Great Blow

THE only three-ring philosophical circus ever known has been conducted for some years in this country by Professor William James. Every year Professor James has contrived to introduce some new specialty in order to keep up the interest. Last year it was Pragmatism.

Professor James did a bareback Pragmatic act that for skill and contortion has never been equaled. This year he has a new feature. It is called Pluralism.

The only defect in Professor James's act is that it is announced as a final performance. That is to say, Professor James has practically settled the whole question of philosophy for all time. He himself admits it. He says:

I saw that I must squarely confess the solution of the problem impossible, and then either give up my intellectualistic logic and adopt some higher form of rationality, or finally face the fact that life is logically irrational.

No one has ever suspected—before James—that life is "logically irrational." This final announcement—from which apparently there is no appeal—fills us with deep dejection. We have several times suspected that we are all of "up against it," but to have it conveyed to us in this simple language that nothing more can be done is extremely harrowing.

AT LIFE'S FARM

We are sorry that he has gone so far. As long as Philosophy could be kept in a doubtful, transcendental condition, with vast possibilities constantly staring us in the face, it has given us something to live for. But to have the whole matter sealed up and settled—how could he have done it?

Folly at Full Length

IT is the foolish things that are done that are most thoroughly reported, especially if they are done by persons in whom folly is particularly scandalous. If an asinine bill is introduced into some State legislature we are apt to hear of it, even though it has no chance to become a law. Extra-foolish conduct looks "newsy" to the press correspondents.

No doubt that was why all the papers told the other day of the enterprise of a Minneapolis minister named Morrill, who snap-shotted a lot of women on the streets of his town and used the pictures to illustrate a Sunday lecture on immodesty. Astonishing impertinence! But he got his name in all the papers. Nowadays as heretofore—

Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly's at full length.

Father's Revenge

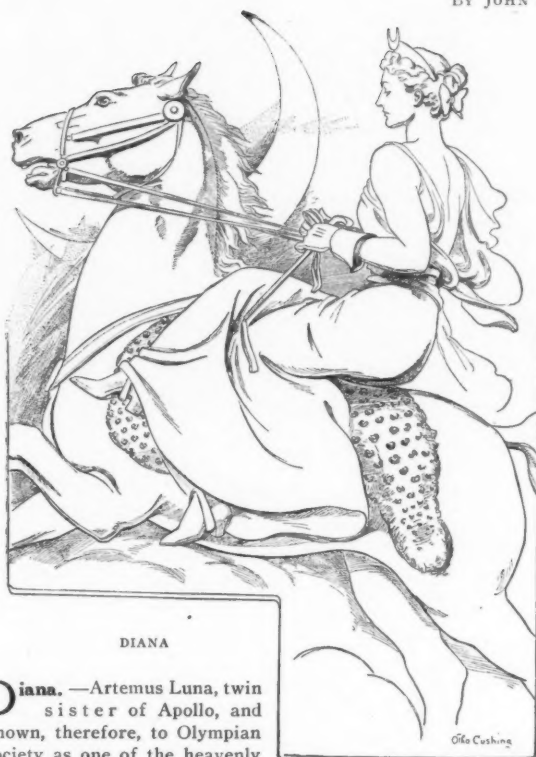
"HERE is a telegram from papa," says the eloping bride. "He says for us to come right home and live with him and mama."

"I didn't think he would be so vindictive as all that," sighs the eloping bridegroom.



Who's Who on Olympus

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS



DIANA

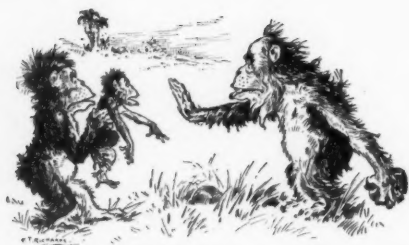
Diana.—Artemus Luna, twin sister of Apollo, and known, therefore, to Olympian society as one of the heavenly twins. An old maid by conviction, though under suspicion for many centuries of concealing a man in the moon, which she has always used as a celestial bungalow. First woman to wear rainy-day skirts, and to go in for manly pursuits like hare and hounds, golf, deer-hunting, diabolio and archery, instead of the more feminine sports of knitting, embroidery, bridge and bringing up children. Best swimmer in the Olympian four hundred, but declined always to give public exhibitions of her natatorial prowess; went so far as to transform an inquisitive reporter of the *Olympus Daily Peep* into a stag for having attempted to interview her at a private view. Quite prominent as a nature faker, developing extraordinary skill in turning individuals who had displeased her into bears, lions, foxes, stags or heifers, according to the whim of the moment, which even Jupiter himself, the leading authority on natural history, could not tell from the genuine article. Traveled much, generally disguised as a bear, into which she could turn herself at a moment's notice, and in this form was worshiped by the Arcadians quite as devoutly as was President Zeusvelt, in similar guise, in later years by the Theodorians. Considered a more than capable child's nurse by her Olympian neighbors, by whom she was frequently called in to assist in the affairs of the nursery, and has come from this to be known as the deity of the maiden aunt, and to lend color to the superstition that when it comes to bringing up children an ordinary mother is a hopeless ignoramus compared to her or her husband's unmarried sister. Recreations: Dancing and archery. Address, The Tower, Madison Square Garden, Olympus.

Phoebus Apollo.—Editor of the *Sun*, and leading musical critic of Olympus. Early developed powers of prophecy, which enabled him to get many beats on his contemporaries in the matter of news. Established chains of pool-rooms in all sections of the Greek and Roman Empires as branch offices of The Oracles, from which patrons and yearly subscribers could secure advance information upon all matters of public or private interest, from horse-racing to weather reports. Much consulted by leading members of various churches as to what the future was bringing to them, and as an adjunct to the brokerage concern of J. D. Mercury and Company was of inestimable value to speculators intrusting their margins to that flourishing institution. President The Consolidated Light and Power Company; chairman board of directors Day and Night Amalgamated Glim Trust, controlling the illuminating product of the Sun and its subsidiary enterprise, the Moon. Foretold with wonderful accuracy all the music of the future, including Wagner, De Koven, George M. Cohan and Broadway, N. Y. Was



PHOEBUS APOLLO

to the Lyre what Paderewski has since become to the piano, but played only his own compositions, and those only by ear. Was considerable of an epicure, feeding wholly upon nectar and ambrosia, a diet which brought him perpetual youth, a quality which has been a notable characteristic of leaders in the musical world, especially the prima donnas, ever since. Banished from Olympus for encouraging discord in the Parnassian Band and lived for a while on earth, giving series of outdoor concerts in Thessaly. Father of Aesculapius, and therefore grandfather of medicine; also reputed parent of Phaeton, founder of the Empyrean Cab Company. Address, The Belvidere Apartments, No. 7 Elysian Fields, West.



"SAY, JOCKO, SUPPOSE YOU CARRY HIM FOR A WHILE."

Mr. Monkey: NOT ON YOUR TIN-TYPE! I'M NO ORGAN-GRINDER.

Vibratory

"KISS me!"

The moon shone over the waters. No one was near. There was no reason in heaven or earth why such a simple and direct request should not be immediately complied with.

He leaned over, therefore, and kissed her.

Then there was a silence, broken only by the sound of the waters breaking on the beach.

"Kiss me again!"

It was perfectly obvious that if it was reasonable and right that it should be done once then in all consistency it should be done again. Such a situation required no concentration of energy in thought to define. He, therefore, bent and kissed her again.

And again there was silence—except as mentioned before.

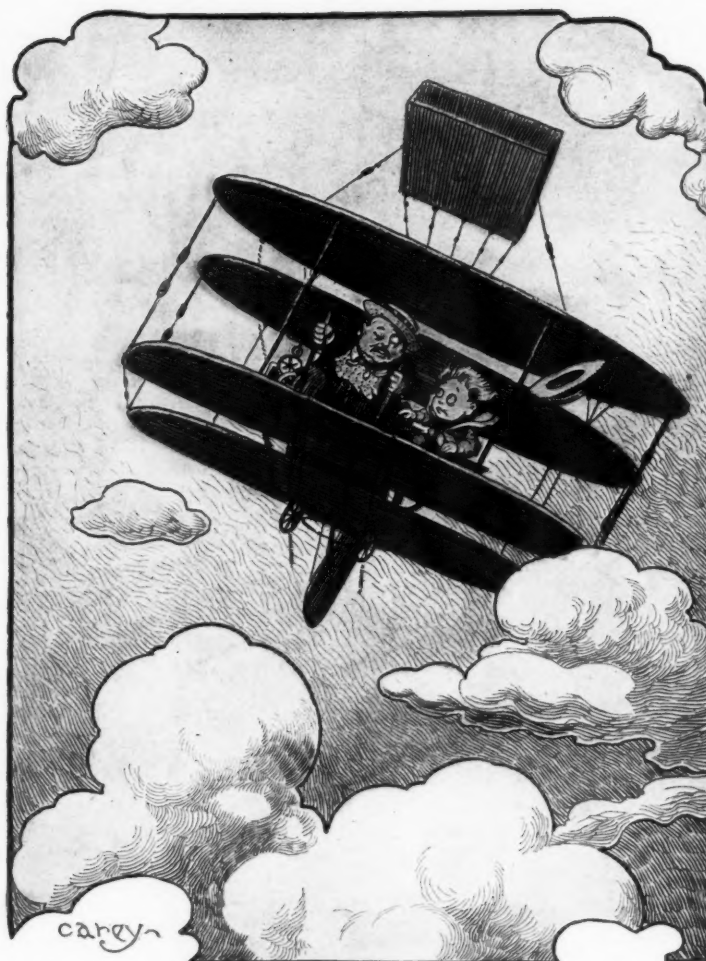
"Keep on kissing me!"

Why not? If a thing is right, then it is right constantly repeated. This is one of the most potent laws of logic. And so he obeyed.

This time the silence—except as mentioned before—was broken by another sound, rather continuous, rather wavy, sometimes intermittent. Moments passed.



A DOGMA



"I SAY, PAPA, WHILE WE'RE UP HERE WOULDN'T IT BE POLITE TO CALL ON GOD?"

"Kiss me faster!"

Then it was that the youth sprang up. His pride had been hurt. There is, even in nature, a limit to all things.

"What do you take me for," he muttered, "a six-cylinder motor car?"

A Hiatus

"ANY new religions, madam?"

The Boston vendor bowed politely to the lady of the house, who looked somewhat doubtfully.

"What have you to-day?" she asked at last.

"A fresh line of utilitarian principles, just over from Germany. A complete and well rounded Brotherhood of Man, guaranteed for one year. A nice line of altruistic specialties, one of them some-

thing new, entitled 'Christianity with the sting removed.' Some Nirvana novelties. A job lot of Buddhist dogmas. And Eliot's patent unadulterated free-for-all working hypothesis."

"That all?"

"I can let you have any number of the old, orthodox kind—still used by some folks. Done up in new packages, with the same old labels, however."

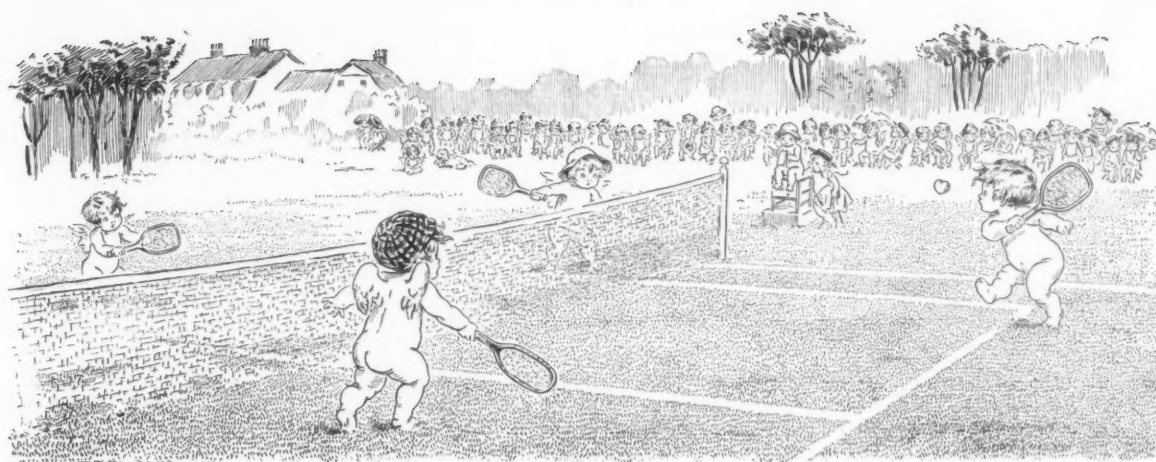
"No, thanks."

"Can't I interest you in anything at all?"

"Not at present. But if you have anything really new you might come around in a couple of weeks."

"But, my dear madam, how are you going to subsist in the meantime?"

"I am going to visit relatives in New York."



LOOKS LIKE A LOVE SET

The Food Cure



(The Food Cure is the best for moods, says an eminent American doctor.)

WHEN the lass for whom you languish
Fills your soul with sudden anguish,
By refusing you in manner most conclusive;
When the spinster you're pursuing,
Or the widow you are wooing,
Proves indifferent, unwilling or elusive;
When the wreck of ev'ry idol
Tends to feelings suicidal,
Such emotions you must bridal, if you're able,
And replace your shattered treasures
With the more consoling pleasures
Of the Table.

Should adversity assail you,
Or should friends desert and fail you,
Or your business smash and leave you
stripped and stony,
You can seek for consolation
In the fond anticipation
Of a dish of macaroons or macaroni.
With a meal a man may master
The effects of each disaster:
It applies a healing plaster to the
stricken.
All our sorrows we can bury
As we contemplate a merry—
Thought of chicken!

Clams or canvasback or curry,
As a remedy for worry,
Are beyond my poor capacity for
praising;
I could write a score of ballads
On the soothing pow'r of salads,
Which as sedatives are quite amayonnaising.
When I lose a near relation,
Or a paying situation,
Or a train at any station (where my bag is),
Is my faith in mortals shaken?
No! I order eggs and bacon,
Or a haggis!
For, though Fate be unforgiving,
While the world contains cold mutton,
Life is surely well worth living,
For the glutton!
Harry Graham.

Purely Local

Most American humorists have not been widely famous because they have failed to create humor independent of local conditions not found and realized elsewhere.—Mark Twain.

ARISTOPHANES dealt with local conditions. They were conditions peculiar to the Grecian state. His jibes at Cleon and Euripides and his trenchant hits at the war party were all local.

Rabelais dealt with the local conditions of his age. His book is an intensely humorous allegorical description of what was going on under his nose.

Cervantes dealt, in chivalry, with local conditions or with conditions peculiar to his age.

Chaucer was local.

The humor around the grave of Ham-

let in Bacon's play of that name (or was it Shakespeare?) was local.

Falstaff and Prince Hal, though possessing universal characteristics, were local.

Mark Twain wrote the *Jumping Frog* of Calveras County, so careful to make the conditions local that he actually named the place. He wrote about Tom Sawyer and the Mississippi. His book, "*Innocents Abroad*," was local in the sense that it dealt with local characters.

If Mark Twain should argue, in reply to this, that he and the others mentioned selected only those local conditions that are really universal to human nature, the answer is that all local conditions are this.

Anything that anyone chooses to write about is not isolated. It cannot be in the nature of things.

No. The reason why Mark Twain has a bigger reputation than other American humorists is because he turns—or has turned—out a better grade of humor. It doesn't make so much difference what a man writes about, as how he writes it. You can write about anything, if you only know how, and it will go. Hesiod took the Frogs and the Mice. Cowper took a sofa. Shakespeare (or was it Bacon?) took stories already written and rewrote them.

Everything has been written about already. Why do we eagerly await, therefore, what the next man has to say? Not because of the subject, but the man. The best art is only personality.

Some ask if Mark Twain will live.

Posterity is unreliable. He has played some queer tricks on really deserving folk.

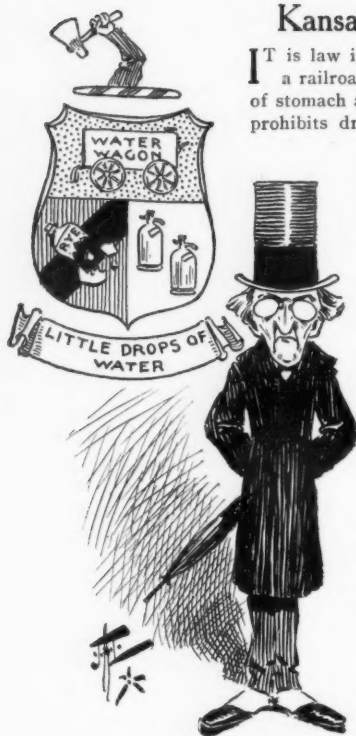
Kansas Prohibition Still Incomplete

IT is law in Kansas now that you must not take a drink in a railroad train. No exception seems to be made for cases of stomach ache, faintness or habitual intemperance. The law prohibits drinking intoxicating liquors on railroad trains in Kansas, provides that notice to that effect shall be posted in the cars, and authorizes conductors to arrest any passenger who is found taking a drink, and turn him over to the police at the next station.

What is the matter with Kansas, anyway! William Allen White has published a book and gone to Europe. Is that the trouble?

There is very little drinking on railroad trains here in the East, and what there is very seldom prejudicial to the peace. Is the lid on so tight in Kansas that toppers buy railroad tickets to escape it?

Curious State! We don't believe its new law is constitutional, but if it is, it must be supplemented at once by another law prohibiting drinking in aeroplanes. Otherwise we shall expect to see Kansas the greatest aeroplane mart in the world and wonderful flights of drinkers taking their six o'clock cocktail in the sky.



ONE OCCASIONALLY GETS TIRED OF BEING LIONIZED.



"SURE, IF IT'S DRAMIN' I AM, I'LL NIVER TOUCH ANOTHER DROP, BUT IF IT'S THE REAL TING, I'D LOIKE A BIG DRINK RIGHT NOW!"

Notice

IN response to numerous inquiries, we desire to state that the Husband's Correspondence Bureau has no connection with any other establishment bearing a similar name. Owing to the unprecedented success of the Bureau, it was inevitable that rivals should spring up in various parts of the country.

Human nature is about the same as it always was. Pioneers in the history of thought are always sure of arousing a host of imitators.

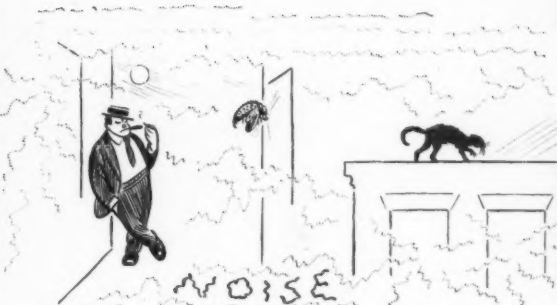
He Could Not Forget

"WE have now been married fifteen years, Archibald, and I have never omitted to bake a cake for you on your birthday."

"That's true, my dear, and every one of them was, so to speak, a milestone on the path of my life!"



IF YOU LIVED NEAR A BUILDING THAT WAS FITTED THROUGHOUT WITH BURGLAR-ALARMS—



THAT GO OFF IF A MAN LEANS AGAINST THE BUILDING—OR A BUG BUMPS INTO A WINDOW—OR A CAT TIP-TOES ON THE ROOF—



DON'T YOU THINK YOU'D WISH THE INVENTOR OF BURGLAR-ALARMS WOULD GET—

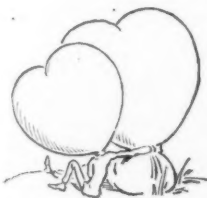
Woman

GOD created woman
To gladden the world—
Without her we had been
In gloominess hurled.

She soothes us in sorrow
She shares in our joy,
She shields us from troubles
That fret and annoy.

She cheers as a daughter,
She charms as a wife,
And furnishes pictures
For covers of LIFE.

He Went Too Far



"CAN'T you trust me, dear?"

The young wife looked longingly up into the face of her husband, whose eyes held that troubled look that comes to a man when he begins to doubt for the first time. It was their first parting; and as

he gazed around him at the gay and brilliant scene in the summer hotel and saw the well-dressed men glancing at the radiantly beautiful creature at his side, he heaved an involuntary sigh. Could she continue to be true to him?

"Darling," he replied, "you do not know what this summer life means—you have never tasted its delights before. Idly seeking for amusement, some fascinating stranger will be presented to you, and with him you will wander along the beach or sit on the piazza in the moonlight. Your obligations as a wife will fade before this delightful reality; and especially, as you exchange sympathies with him, you will suddenly begin to realize that there is another world of feeling outside of what you have

hitherto experienced. Perhaps that other one will sound a new note of sympathy and intimate relationship that I have not possessed for you. You will struggle in vain against the voice of duty and all the new variances of an awakened love, all the more fascinating because it is wrong, will find harbor in your breast. Ah, my darling, you little know the temptations which will come when you are away from me."

His wife looked at him for a moment in silence. Then she said:

"Dear, I guess I would better not stay here. I will go back to town with you."

"Oh, no, darling, I do not ask that; I merely want to warn you."

But her voice was hard and cold as she replied:

"No, dear, I shall go. I may be able to get along all right, but you talk altogether too well to be trusted alone for two weeks in a great city in summer time."

Orisons

"LET us by all means pray for a return of prosperity," exclaims one of the Great of Earth, "but let us pray, too, that there may be no return of that madness for spending which threatened to debauch all our best ideals!"

Yet what, forsooth! but our whilom madness for spending lay at the bottom of that prosperity which we all so long to behold the face of once more? Is there any separating the two, except rhetorically?

Already the forward prophets are beginning to say that thrift is not good business; that whatsoever a man earns he is in duty bound forthwith to spend,

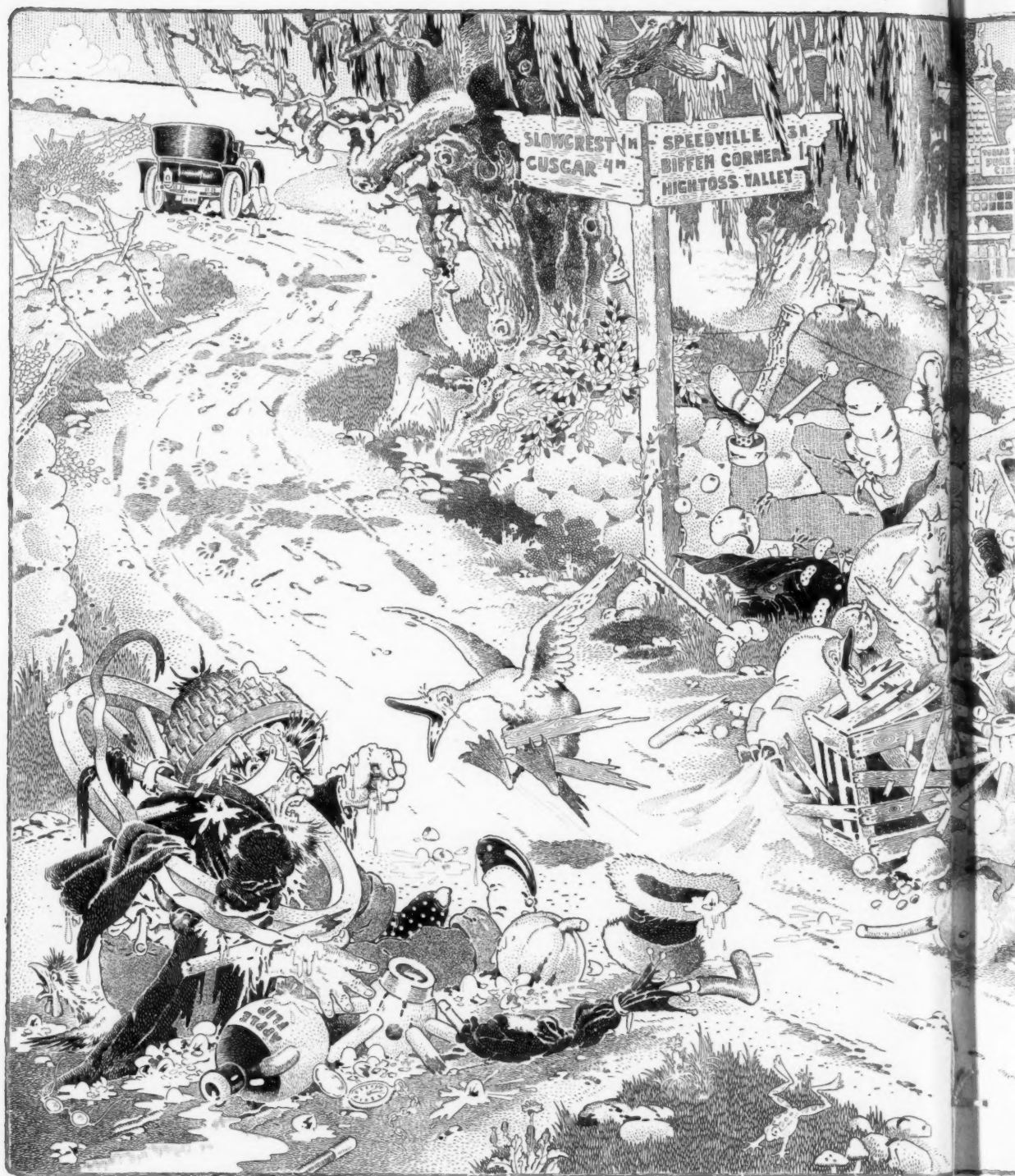
lest the currents of trade stagnate. The simple life does very well for the wise few to live and crow over. At the same time, he is no mean patriot who kills himself eating delicacies which in their preparation give profitable employment to many hands—*decorum est pro patria mori*.



HOOT AWAY!

"AH'M TELLIN' YE, MON, MACTOSH IS A BONNIER-R PIPER-R THAN MACSNUFFY! MACSNUFFY CANNA EVEN KEEPI T' THE TUNE!"

"FICH, MON, WHAT HAS THE TUNE TO DAE WI' IT? LOOK AT HIS EENDOOR-R-RANCE!"



HARRISON CADY

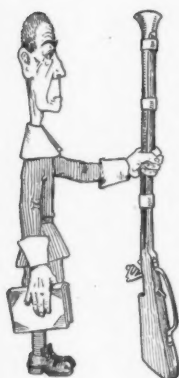
THE HARE AT THE TOP

L E.



ARE AT THE TORTOISE

Boston



TOPOGRAPHICALLY, Boston is on the Charles River. Politically it is Irish. Intellectually it is hot stuff. Spiritually it is Unitarian. Socially it is —. With the possible exception of Concord and Salem, Boston has been less touched by the long arm of Progress and less blighted by the spirit of Modernity than any city in the Union. Most of its inhabitants have lived in the same house all their lives, and always know their neighbors—on either side—well enough to speak to and, sometimes, to mingle with socially.

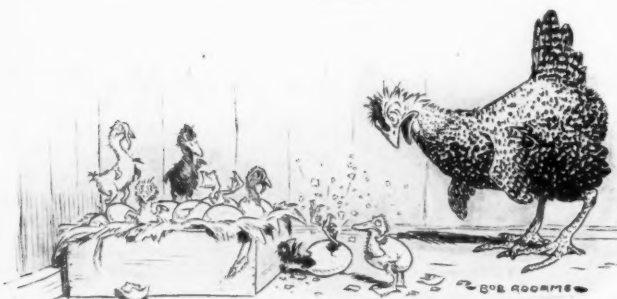
Culture in the common schools has been made there an obligatory course even in the elementary grades. It is the only place in America where you cannot determine how rich people are by their appearance or by the amount of money that they spend. The water

side of Beacon Street is still the social whirlpool of Boston. On this dreary thoroughfare all lights are extinguished at ten p. m., and the wind blows harder than in any other part of the inhabited globe, except in certain portions of Africa contiguous to Mombassa.

Typical Bostonians can readily be distinguished by their eyeglasses and overshoes, their irreproachable ancestry and their deplorable manners. Their forbears have intermarried to such an alarming extent that it is now impossible for the astutest anthropologists to distinguish a Saltonstall from a Cabot, a Curtis from a Silsbee or an Adams from a Codman.

A rapid walk on Boylston Street will reveal even to the most casual observer that the gentlemen, for the most part, carry green baize bags, while the ladies prefer a cheaper and airier reticule of woven rope. The men usually wear felt hats and "turn down" collars, while the ladies, as a rule, seldom wear garters—or figures in front.

Telegrams are almost unknown in Boston, as intelligence will spread faster on, let us say, the water side of Beacon Street than it will from any known wireless telegraph station. News of an engagement, a death or a divorce has been known to visit every home from the Somerset Club to the Fenway in less than eleven minutes, Greenwich time. In the early eighties a young lady of some social prominence was observed to kiss a Harvard undergraduate quite fervidly on the lips and in the Public Garden. In exactly eighteen minutes the inhabitants of Marblehead and Beverly Farms were fully and correctly apprised of the outrage, a feat that makes Paul Revere look like an A. D. T. messenger boy.



"GREAT HEAVENS! NO ONE WILL BELIEVE ME!"



AERO CRUSOE DISCOVERS A FOOTPRINT

In Boston chaperons are not needed after dark. This onerous social duty is usually assumed by the drivers of Kenny & Clark's carriages. Boston has one hotel with revolving doors, a coat-room and a grill. The coat-room is presided over by two Wellesley college graduates, who read snatches of Henry James and wear eyeglasses and Congress gaiters. Marriages in Boston society are usually contracted less with a view to love than to grandfathers in good standing, a summer residence in Nahant and a pew in Trinity Church or King's Chapel.

A Monument to a Mental Defect

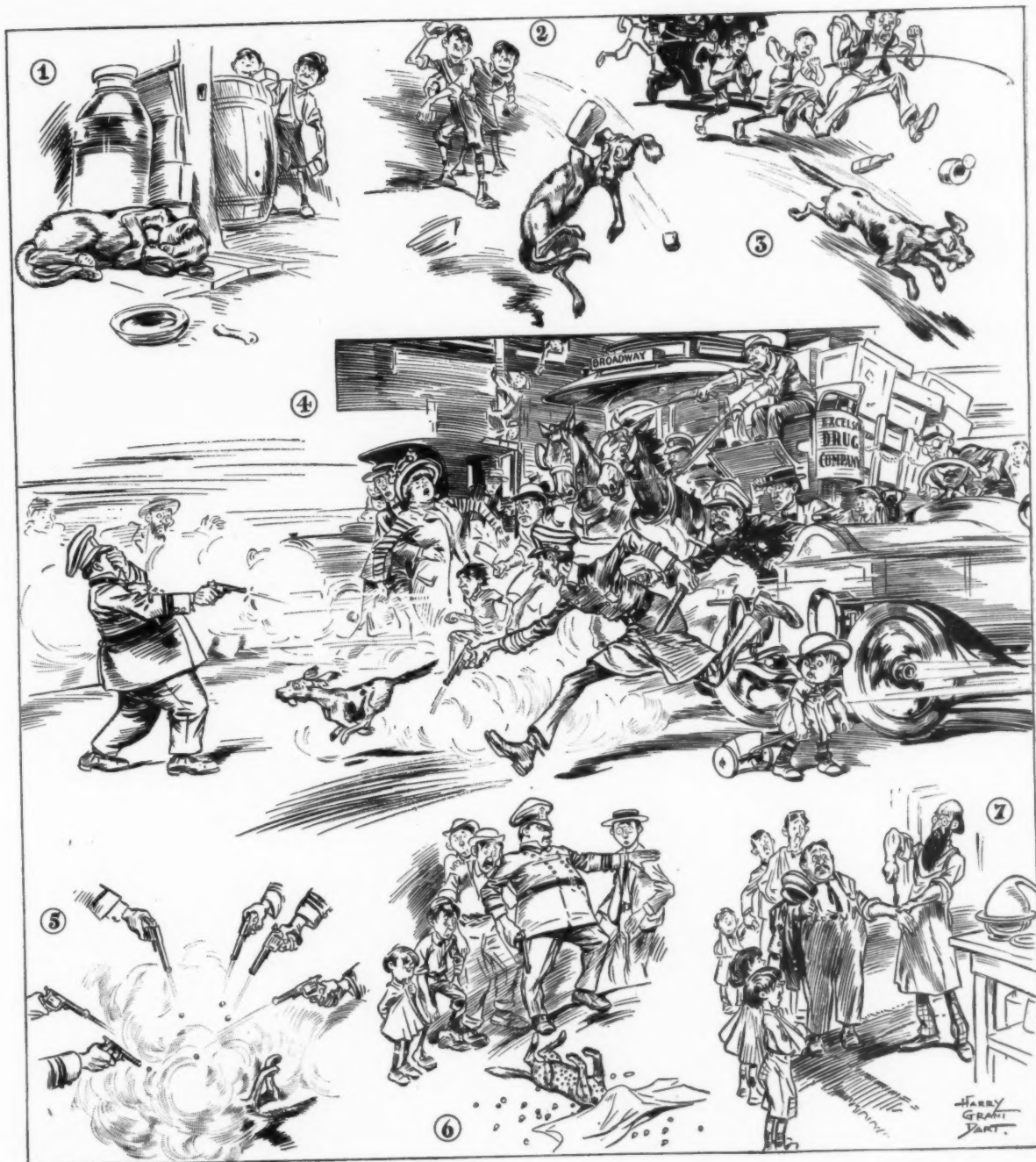
ONE William L. Gilbert left funds by will to build a high-school in Winsted, Connecticut, from which Roman Catholics should be excluded. Being unable to get the will amended, the town is about to build a high-school of its own, from which no child shall be excluded on religious grounds.

There would have been some excuse for Gilbert if he had made his will a century ago, but as it was he has left his money for a monument to the defects in his intelligence.

Not Ready

"WHAT caused the panic down at your church last night?" asks the friend.

"It was one of the pranks of that unregenerate young Simpkins!" explains the deacon. "We were having a revival meeting, and nearly everybody had given his experience and testified to his conversion, and our souls were filled with joy, when that young rascal sailed over the church in his aeroplane, set off some red fire and skyrocketed and bellowed through a megaphone, 'Judgment Day is here!'"



HYDROPHOBIA



Husbands' Correspondence Bureau

HITHERTO we have successfully kept out of politics, and we shall continue to do so. Our business lies entirely with that great class of tired business men, down-hearted and discouraged husbands, who, alone and unaided, are not able to stand up for themselves. We aim to place them where they belong—at the head of their own households. It may take time and money, but we always do it.

We shall keep right on in our own province; at the same time it may be just as well to answer our suffragette friends. Last week we received a letter from a suffragette camp in Idaho, wanting to know where we stood on the woman suffrage question.

"We regret to say," the chairman wrote, "that we can no longer ignore the great power of your Bureau. As we understand that you make a boast of publicity, perhaps you will inform us whether you approve of woman suffrage or not. If not, we should like to meet delegates from your Bureau, with a view to effecting a compromise."

We beg to assure this lady and her associates that we were not born yesterday. As for sending our delegates into a suffragette camp, we value their lives too highly, to say nothing of their good name.

But we appreciate the great compliment that is paid to us and our now universally recognized power, and we believe that we are big and broad enough not to take advantage of the acknowledgment contained in the lady's letter.

While we must refuse to be drawn into any public controversy, we will say that we see no objection to unmarried females between the ages of forty-five and ninety going into this movement, if they so desire. Not only they, but the country at large, need to be amused and occupied with something diverting. We do not see that this can do any harm. When the movement extends to beautiful, single ladies we have, however, a decided business objection. Neither can we see that the suffragette movement among marriageable females is going to extend our trade. It may seem to some that this is a too frank expression of our own position, and proceeds from selfishness. Not at all. We have our prospective, as well as our regular customer's interest at heart on all occasions. Our own prosperity is closely bound up with the country's best interest. We are engaged in the business of making happy homes, and not in fostering political movements of a doubtful nature. We have just issued a circular to some of our doubtful customers. Here is the gist of it:

H. C. B. Circular No. 811.
(Please acknowledge receipt.)

If your wife suddenly develops suffragette tendencies, do not get rattled. Write us at once, describing her symptoms fully. If necessary, wire. Incipient cases may oftentimes be checked at once.

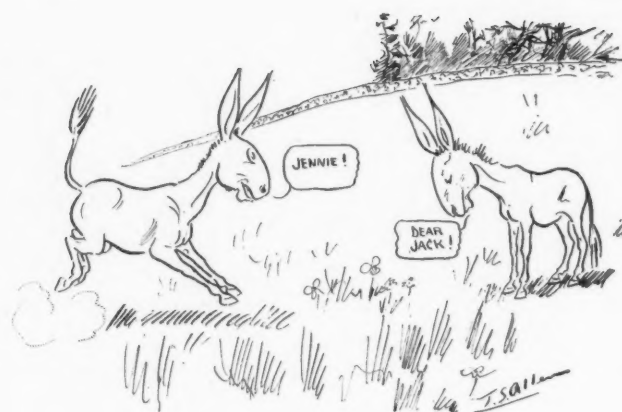
Don't neglect her at this crucial moment. Her revolt may be due to some mental disturbance, the cause of which lies in you. Above all, don't excite her.

Sometimes a judicious flirtation with another lady will bring her to a normal condition. Don't be too rash, however. Be prepared to let go at any moment, if she relents.

Buy her all the glad rags in sight. It may break you, but at a time like this money is no object.

Don't argue with her on any political question, particularly the tariff. This will disclose your own ignorance and may fill her with too great a sense of her own civic duty.

If the trouble has advanced so far, before you are aware of it, that she has begun to write papers and make speeches, lose no time,



SAME OLD STORY

but come on at once. Only by a personal interview with the head of our suffragette department can you hope to affect a cure.

Our customers should remember that in case their wives have developed advanced suffragette tendencies we do not guarantee anything. They must be prepared to accept the worst. On the other hand, we aim to ameliorate their condition as much as possible. We can arrange to secure divorces at reasonable rates, although we never adopt this measure except when absolutely necessary, as it is really an argument against our methods. Anybody can get a divorce, but we are the only people whose sole aim it is to make a husband monarch of all he surveys.

Our entertainment committee, in connection with this, is constantly enlarging its scope. We have just opened a Constantinople Branch in addition to the thriving one we have established in Paris. We must warn some people, however, that we have only one price to all. Here is a letter just received:

Dear Sirs:

As an old customer, I call your attention to the fact that I am a Deacon in the Methodist Church, and am rather surprised that you are charging me full rates. Can't you issue commutation tickets to your vaudeville performances? I want to see your sextette of regal beauties, but I think I am entitled to a discount.

Yours,

H— W—

Never! To be candid with our friend, we don't encourage his trade. We do the best we can by him, out of a sense of duty, but we can't entertain him at our own expense.

One price for all!

Poker room in our annex open all night. Reading room in charge of a competent librarian. If you bring your wife to town, register with us at once. We can save you time and money. Our motto is:

Honi soit qui mal y pense.

Write, telegraph or cable,

HUSBANDS' CORRESPONDENCE BUREAU.

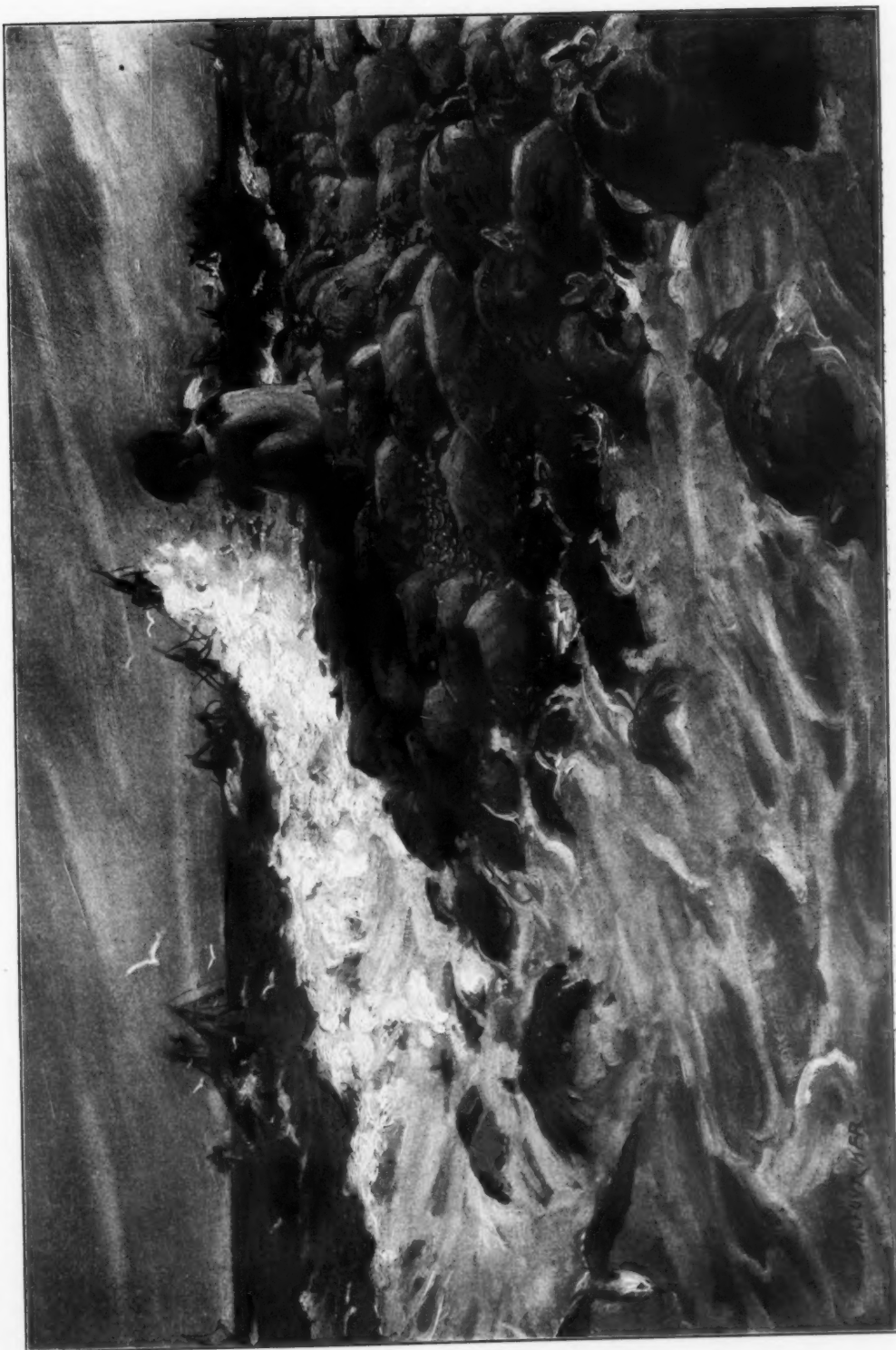
As to That

INTERRUPTING her husband's mutterings, the fair young wife says:

"Before we were married you would have been delighted to have buttoned my dress for me."

Straightening up and mopping the perspiration from his brow, the brutal husband retorts:

"Huh! Before we were married you would have called the police if I had offered to do such a thing!"



A LEE SHORE



Tourist Bromidioms

A statistician who recently returned from a trip to British Columbia is willing to affirm that he heard people ask:

"How cold does it get here in the winter?" 2133 times.

"What is the height of that mountain?" 796 times.

"How far away do you suppose that glacier is?" 921 times.

"Is this the Medicine Hat where the weather comes from?" 1142 times.

"How far do you suppose it is over to where that man is ploughing?" 1231 times.

"Are there any trout in that stream?" 4621 times.

"Do the bears ever come down to the railroad?" 944 times.

"Where do we change time again?" 6989 times.

"Why is it that it doesn't get dark here until nearly ten o'clock?" 3108 times.

"Has anybody ever climbed to the top of that mountain?" 2246 times.

"Are these the Rockies or the Selkirks?" 9712 times.

"Wouldn't it be great if we could have one of these mountains set down on the prairie back of Chicago?" 562 times.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Misinterpreted

The boss entered the office, his face clouded, his brow wrinkled in angry thought. He called the office boy. Regarding the youth sternly, he said:

"Johnny, do you smoke cigarettes?"
"I d-d-do a l-l-little, sir," stammered Johnny, paling beneath the tan of the baseball field.
The boss fixed him with his eagle eye.
"Then gimme one," he said. "I left mine on the bureau."—*St. Paul Dispatch*.



HEART BEETS

Breakfast a la Mode

"John, I believe the new girl has stolen the whisk broom; I left it on the dining room table last night."

"I guess the joke's on me, Mary; it was not quite light when I got up this morning and I thought you had left a shredded wheat biscuit out for my breakfast."—*Houston Post*.

Shopping in Sassafras

Mrs. Maude Darrell Hoffman, a pioneer of country week work, was praising in Hartford the country vacation.

"A country vacation is better than a seashore one," she said. "You see things so much quaint. And the further into the country you go the quaintier becomes the things you see."

"I once spent August in a village called the Head of Sassafras, a village down in Maryland. The post office there was the general store. The morning after my arrival I went to the general store for my mail."

"A little girl preceded me with an egg in her hand."

"Gimme an egg's worth of tea, please," I heard her say to the postmaster-storekeeper; 'and ma says ye might weigh out an egg's worth of sugar, too, for the black hen's a-cluckin', and I'll be up again in a minute.'"—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

The Originals

The Hon. Theodore Hallam, one of Kentucky's most able lawyers, was often provoked to exasperation by the play his friends made on his name. Hallam had borne allusions without end to the "Middle Ages," "Constitutional Law," and the rest of it, when one day in Washington he was introduced to Governor Hogg of Texas.

"Hallam? Hallam?" the Governor queried. "Are you the original?"

"No, Governor Hogg," replied Hallam. "Are you?"—*The Wasp*.

Why He Led

The angel was making up the list.

"I never asked my fellow man if it was hot enough for him," remarked Abou Ben Adhem.

And, lo! his name came in under the wire first.—*Sun*.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.
No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non return of unsolicited contributions.
LIFE is for sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Brems

Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS, Brentano's, 37 Ave. de l'Opera, Paris also at Saarbach's News Exchanges, 1, New Coventry Street, Leicester Square, W. London; 9, Rue St. Georges, Paris; 1, Via Firenze, Milan; Mayence, Germany.
The text and illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted. Extracts from the text may be used, giving LIFE due credit; but the illustrations are not to be reproduced without special permission obtained in advance.
Prompt notification should be sent by subscribers of any change of address.

These Manners Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

Particularly Desirable after Dinner

BETTER—STRONGER

More lasting in flavor than any other.
A try—a test—Good-bye to the rest!

Sold in 5¢ 10¢ and 25¢ packets
Frank H. Fleer & Company Inc.
Philadelphia, U.S.A. and Toronto, Can.

SAFETY and ISOLATION

WITH ECONOMY and MOTOR EFFICIENCY are features that every Automobile owner using gasoline should consider.

The AIR-TIGHT STEEL TANK placed underground furnishes a blanket form of insurance covering these points, and many more.

AIR-TIGHT STEEL TANKS for AUTOMOBILES, MOTOR BOATS, etc., placed underground provide the safest, most economical and convenient means of storing gasoline underground known; though the tank is isolated, the supply always at hand. A few strokes of the pump and a steady flow is started—stopped instantly by opening a pet cock—NO WASTE—NO DRIPPING—NO RISK.

The gasoline which can be bought at wholesale at a considerable saving in price is always at its original strength—furnishing more miles to the gallon than does gasoline that has deteriorated through evaporation caused by poor storage facilities.

AIR-TIGHT STEEL TANKS are made of heavy 3-16 inch steel, brazed without rivet or solder by an honest process that we have successfully employed for the past 30 years in manufacturing tanks for the largest railroad systems in the world.

AIR-TIGHT STEEL TANKS are sold on a 30 days' trial with an absolute money back guarantee. We pay the freight. Write for illustrated booklet FREE.

THE AIR-TIGHT STEEL TANK CO.
418 Wood St., Pittsburgh

The Standard Paper for Business Stationery—"Look for the Water-Mark"

THE

first judgment that is given a letter is based on the envelope; the second on the paper upon which the letter is written.

As good taste demands that the paper of the envelope and letter be the same, we may say that the first two impressions made by a letter come from the paper.

Let the impressions made by your letters be Old Hampshire Bond impressions of quality, genuineness, reliability and solidity.

You should have the Book of Specimens, which shows Old Hampshire Bond in white and fourteen colors, made up into letterheads and other business forms as actually used by prominent houses. Write us on your letterhead.

Hampshire Paper Co.
Only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively
South Hadley Falls, Massachusetts

Made "A Little Better Than Seems Necessary"—"Look for the Water-Mark"

RAD-BRIDGE

Registered at Pat. Office LONDON-WASHINGTON-OTTAWA.

36½

WHY IMPROPER?

A knowing young man from Aberystwith Bought "RAD-BRIDGE" for his girl to play Whistwith. She said, "You are a brick," Whereupon he was quick In uniting the things that they Kystwith.

CLUB LINEN PLAYING CARDS

"An Ideal Bridge Card." Design of back, hemstitched linen, pat. Sept. 24, '07. Colors Red, Blue, Brown, Green. 25 cents per pack; gold edge 35 cents. Dealers everywhere or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Illustrated catalog of Bridge accessories free. Address Dept. L. Radcliffe & Co., New York, 144 Pearl St., & London, E. C.



Rhymed Reviews

"The Man in Lower Ten"

(By Mary Roberts Rinehart.—The Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

A murder in a Pullman car!
Our Hero strangely implicated!
Then, all at once, a rending jar—
The train is quite obliterated.
A bold adventuress or two,
A handsome wretch, a hint of scandal,
A bloody necklace (Ha! a clue!),
A dagger with a Dago handle—
Ah, fear all writers bearing gifts!
Beware of sleuth and legal pleader!
Their doubtful sleights and sudden shifts
Are merely blinds to fool the reader.
Who killed "The Man in Lower Ten"?
This great ado is very funny
To us who know that with her pen
The Author did it!—motive, money!
Arthur Guiterman.

Modest Greatness

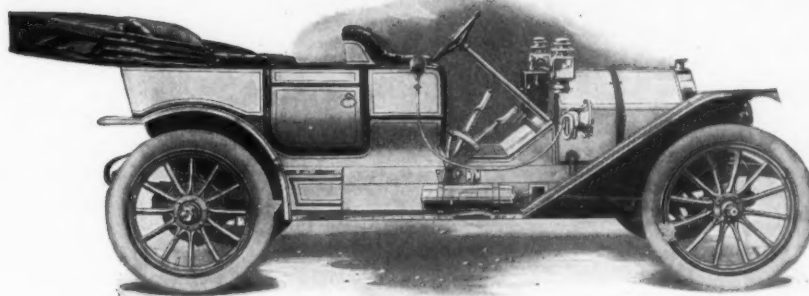
"Here is a book that will live through the generations. Unconventional, fascinating, intensely human. And through it all, directed by a merciless, but master hand, one runs the entire gamut of human emotions."—From a Publisher's Advertisement.

Nay, you guessed wrong. This great work is not "Hamlet," by W. Shakespeare. The author is—but, hush! He has modestly concealed his identity under a cloud of impenetrable darkness by the novel device of spelling his name backward, and it would be cruel to drag one of his shrinking nature into the glare of publicity. The guaranteed appreciation of "the generations" is enough for him.

An Author's Workshop

"Mr. Phillips has his own inimitable way of putting things. He draws his characters with sledge-hammer strokes."—Book News Monthly, Philadelphia.

Yes. But the reviewer of "The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig" neglected to mention how deftly the author embroiders his narrative with a crowbar and how mightily he welds it together with the rude force of the knitting needle. Those who have not seen Mr. David



\$3,000 Worth of Automobile for \$2,000

THERE are two ways of buying an automobile. One is to pay *too little*. The other is to pay *too much*.

If you want to get all of the real pleasure and satisfaction out of motoring, you've got to have the automobile to do it with.

Try to economize too much in the purchase of your car—and you do it at a sacrifice of your pleasure, the pleasure of your family and your friends.

It is now needless—since the advent of the Haynes Model 19—to invest a young fortune for the most satisfactory car made.

Pay \$2,000.00 for this new Haynes car, and you get everything that's worth having on an automobile. You get style—workmanship—mechanism—all-around quality.

Pay *more*—and you make an unnecessary investment. Pay *less*—and you're apt to get an unsatisfactory car—short-lived and full of troubles—one that you will want to dispose of (at a sacrifice) as soon as you get a taste of the pleasures of motoring.

Did you ever stop to think that the man who has run one of the cheaper cars, who sells it and gets a larger, more roomy, elegant machine such as our Haynes Model 19—never enjoys riding in the cheaper car again? He has graduated from the cheap-car class.

As motor cars become more popular, and people become more educated on the question of buying—more people are buying *right* the first time.

It's expensive evolution in car-buying to work up

through the cheaper and smaller cars to a *satisfactory* car at last—because there's bound to be a loss on every small car you sell—to say nothing of the expense of maintenance while you own it.

This Model 19 is intended for two classes of buyers—those who are *through experimenting* and those who want to *avoid* it.

It is distinctly a car for *conservative* buyers.

No matter *what price* you intend paying for a car, you ought to get the facts about this car *before* you buy.

After you have seen it and ridden in it and controlled it you will appreciate its *positive \$3,000.00-value*.

If you want something better (and cheaper) than a one-season car, and a car that you can feel *proud* of in the company of even the highest-priced cars, let us send you the facts about this Model 19 and tell you when you can see it and have a demonstration. Use this coupon for your convenience:

Haynes Automobile Co.,
118 Main St., Kokomo, Ind.

Please forward literature concerning your Model 19 and advise where I can have a demonstration should I desire it.

Name.....

Address.....

Haynes Automobile Company
118 Main Street
Kokomo, Ind.

Graham Phillips at work in his atelier beating out plots with the ringing blows of a camel's hair brush, or in his foundry weaving fantastic

imagery with the bellows and the tongs, can have no conception of the arduous labor requisite to the production of a twentieth century literary masterpiece.



BROMO-SELTZER

CURES HEADACHES

10c, 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 Bottles.



BASEBALL TERM
"CAUGHT AT THE PLATE"

CRANE'S CORRECT SOCIAL STATIONERY

Crane's Linen Lawn

THE wonderfully clear white color of Crane's Linen Lawn is partly due to the perfectly pure artesian water which is used in making it. A white paper should be white. Crane's Linen Lawn is.

The thing to remember in buying fine writing paper is not merely the words "Linen Lawn," but the name "Crane's." It is Crane's way of making writing papers that has made Crane's Linen Lawn the best writing paper.

Crane's Linen Lawn can be had wherever good stationery is sold.

EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY,
PITTSFIELD, MASS.



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

Worth Going to Jail for

JUDGE (at the close of a trial): Prisoner, you may have the last word.

PRISONER (turning to his wife in the audience): Do you hear that, old lady?—Meggen-dorfer Blaetter.

"Why is Maude so angry with the photographer?" "She found a label on the back of her picture saying: 'The original of this photograph is carefully preserved.'"—*Boston Transcript*.

LONG before the days of Directoire gowns, when appendicitis was still the most fashionable thing one could have, a friend of the late Senator Hoar was stricken down. For a time an operation was thought necessary, but it finally turned out that the trouble was not appendicitis at all—merely acute indigestion. Whereupon the venerable Massachusetts statesman sent this message of congratulation:

"I rejoice that the difficulty lay in the table of contents rather than in the appendix."—*Everybody's*.



THE LAUGH THAT BREAKS THE CAMERA

AFTER SHAVING USE

PONDS EXTRACT

RELIEVES IRRITATION—PREVENTS INFLAMMATION—ASSURES COMFORT.
Write for Booklet "Shaving Essentials" LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., Sole Agents, New York, N. Y.

MISS CUE

is the Sensation of the Hour

Send **Thirty Cents** in stamps, for 11 x 14 photogravure or make it **Fifty Cents** and we will include an assortment of Spinks Billiard Chalk and Self Sticker Cue Tips postpaid. "Quickstick" for cue tips sticks anything—hot glue—in tubes—twenty-five cents.

Ask for Booklet—shows Miss Cue at Billiards—NO CHARGE

William A. Spinks & Company
362 Erie Street Chicago

Manufacturers Spinks Billiard Chalk and
"The only manufacturers of cue tips in America."

In Doubt

"Did you ever have appendicitis?" said the insurance man.

"Well," answered the skeptic. "I was operated on. But I never felt sure whether it was a case of appendicitis or a case of professional curiosity."—*Washington Star*.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of the South. **THE MANOR**, the English-like Inn of Asheville.

"HAVE you got any of this new kind of whiskey that won't make a man drunk?" "Yes, sir." "Well, give me a quart of the other kind."—*Boston Traveler*.

"In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE."

BACON: A woman who wants to vote is called a Suffragette, is she not?

EGBERT: Well, yes, that's what she's called if there are ladies present.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

FAT MAN: What! Are you going to let this small boy shave me?

BARBER: Let the boy have his fun for once. It is his birthday, sir.—*Fliegende Blatter*.

"So you don't care for bathing?" "Too much of a crush, don't you know." "Well it would be nice if we could have individual oceans."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.



A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary every-day sources.

SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D., imparts in a clear, wholesome way, in one volume:

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

Rich Cloth Binding, Full Gold Stamp, Illustrated, \$2.00.
Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.

Puritan Pub. Co., 711 Perry Bldg., Phila., Pa.

At a baseball game in Chicago the gatekeeper hurried to Comiskey, leader of the White Sox, and said: "Umpire Hurst is here with two friends. Shall I pass 'em in?" "An umpire with two friends!" gasped Comiskey. "Sure!"—*Argonaut*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cents per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles

Every Woman Should Know
The Three Indispensable Toilet Articles

"Eleto" Violet Talcum
Creme-"Eleto"
"Eleto" Toilet Water



At
Leading
Druggists

And
Department
Stores

ELETO CO., 11 W. 36th Street, New York



The
Best
Cocoa
of
them
All

Easy
to
Prepare
Easy
to
Digest

AN appetizing luncheon in a teacup, for a Summer afternoon, when a heavy meal is not needed. It nourishes, strengthens. If you haven't tried Maillard's Vanilla Chocolate you've missed a treat. The true vanilla bean flavoring.

Sold by all leading Grocers.

The Luncheon Restaurant—a cool, resting place for Ladies, afternoon tea 3 to 6

Fifth
Avenue

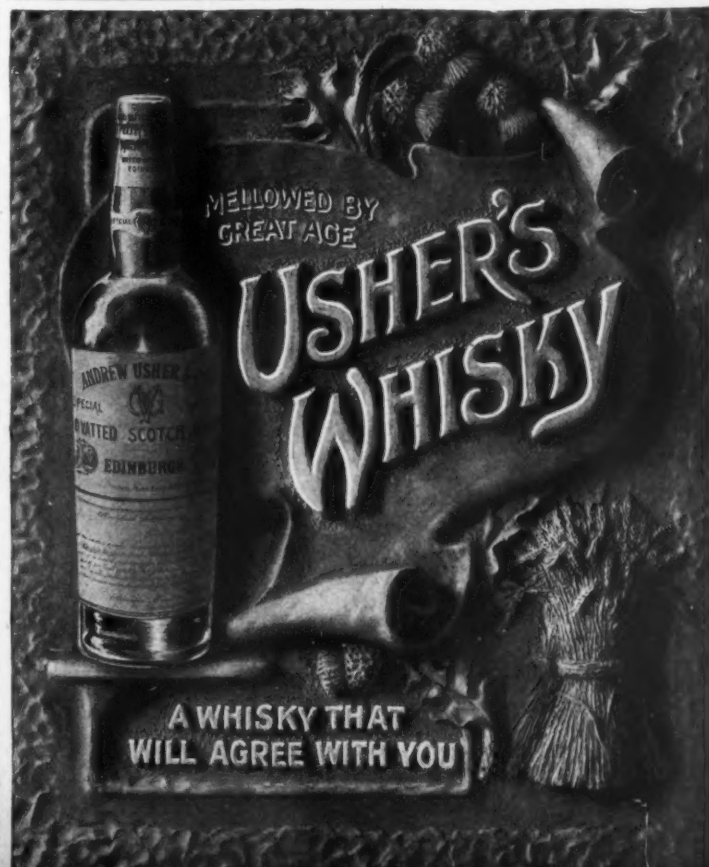
Maillard's
NEW YORK

At 35th
Street

CHOCOLATES, BON-BONS, FRENCH BONBONNIÈRES



Lady (returning photographer's proof): "Take it away; 'tain't pretty"



Perrier

The right
hot weather
drink

Real Summer re-
freshment. Perrier
with lemon juice or
in a rickey. Sparkling
with natural gas. The
secret of its health-
fulness.

All
Dealers.

French
Natural
Sparkling
Table
Water



The Modern Law Office

I HAD had a disagreement with one of my largest customers, which had cost me about \$10,000, and after fruitless efforts to adjust our differences, it seemed inevitable that we should split upon the expensive rocks of litigation.

Reluctantly, and not without some misgiving I determined to consult the well-known law firm of Wisenheimer, Doublecross, Moneygrubber & Blowwhistle, for the purpose of recovering my losses. As I stepped into the elevator of one of the large office buildings on Broad street, I recalled a law office I had visited long ago. As I alighted at the twenty-ninth floor I fully expected to see the same old wooden tables and desks, the rickety old chairs, the old fireplace and the same old bookcases with their freight of musty law books and a seared and yellow leaf or two which adorned the office of "Ye Olden Time."

But I was rapidly awakened from my day dream. As I entered the outer office, young men with pale, thin faces encased in large spectacles suitable to be used by automobilists to assist them in their work of depopulation, hurried to and fro. Immediately on my right a large iron cage, such as are seen in banks, occupied a space sufficiently large for several ordinary offices. Behind the bars many clerks were to be seen, all working diligently, some writing in large ledgers, others counting money which stood in huge heaps in front of them, some separating specie from coin and some handling the checks received by that day's mail. I was standing in a large square, gorgeously carpeted and furnished with all the appointments usually seen in

The Voice of Reason

"Drink it for
Health and
Contentment"

Always the Same
Good Old
Blatz



First in

Quality and
Character

Remember The A Label

BLATZ

BEER

MILWAUKEE

Order a case sent home

Ask for it at the Club, Cafe
or Buffet
Insist on "Blatz."

Correspondence invited direct.

VAL. BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE.

the main hall of one of our best clubs and hotels. A young man approached me and requested me to write upon a printed slip the name of the person I desired to see, the business concerning which I desired to interview him, my own name, my age, present address, previous condition of servitude, and my favorite flower. After I had complied with these formalities, I seated myself in one of the large, comfortable leather chairs to await the return of the young man who had taken my card. I had a letter of introduction to

Position Unrivalled in LONDON.

THE LANGHAM HOTEL

Portland Place and Regent St., W.
FAMILY HOTEL of the HIGHEST ORDER
In Fashionable and Healthy Locality.
Reduced Inclusive Terms
during August and September.

Mr. Wisenheimer and had asked to see him, but was informed that he was very busy in consultation with Mr. Charles Slobb, arranging the details of a payment of nine million dollars which Mr. Slobb was about to make from his own personal funds to his friends, associates and some others who had sustained trifling losses in a shipping enterprise in which Mr. Slobb had at one time displayed some interest. Owing to the fact that this payment was actuated solely by a noble spirit which could not bear to see a common people already bending wearily under the weight and burden of past performances loss money, and had nothing whatever to do with the exercise of a gubernatorial clemency, the details were of considerable magnitude and would require some time to complete.

Was Mr. Doublecross in? Unfortunately he was not. He had just been summoned to Beverly to explain portions of a course prepared by the Presidential Correspondence School of which he was chief director, entitled, "How to Make Friends in Wall Street," to which the President had recently subscribed.

My matter was one of great importance to me, and one which I thought required and should receive the attention of a member of the firm, so I persisted in my inquiries.

Might I see Mr. Moneygrubber? Not at present, was the discouraging reply. He would be disengaged in four hours, if I cared to wait, but Mr. Blowwhistle could see me.

At last, thought I, I have found some one with whom I may discuss my troubles. I was ushered into a large room in which a tall, well-groomed young man sat at a fine mahogany desk dictating letters to a stenographer. He bowed me graciously to a seat while he completed his correspondence, and then turned his attention to me. This, however, was but for a brief moment.

"I was referred to Mr. Wisenheimer," I began, but just then the telephone bell rang and a long-distance call from Newport was announced. "Pardon me for a moment," he said, as he took up the receiver. "Yes, this is Mr. Blowwhistle. What can I do for you, Mrs. Goblet? You have lost them again? When did you have them last? You say you had them at the Casino, and wore them last night at Mrs. Van Asterbilt's cotillion, and noticed them again when you returned to your home? You had guests in the house? I have frequently warned you against the dangerous practice of inviting friends to your house. By all means have their rooms and effects examined immediately. No search warrants are necessary under such circumstances. Necessity knows no law. If your guests object to your taking an inventory of their effects you may be sure the objecting guest is tainted with a guilty knowledge

(Continued on page 253)

Secure Relief From HAYFEVER



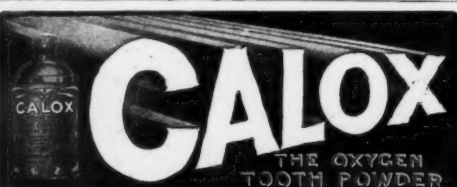
By wearing a Nasal Filter for a few days before and throughout your regular period. This simple device, as comfortable as spectacles, filters dust and pollen from the air and prevents them from irritating the sensitive mucous lining of the nostrils, which really is Hayfever.

Write for our descriptive book and testimonials from satisfied users.

PRICE \$2.00

Sold at drug stores or direct by us.

Universal Supply Company
4th Floor, Globe Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.



Depends for its virtues not upon strong oils, carbolic or other irritating disinfectants, but upon the presence of OXYGEN (peroxide)—Nature's purifier.

Ask your dentist—he knows.
SAMPLE AND BOOKLET FREE ON REQUEST.
McKesson & Robbins, New York.

BRIARCLIFF LODGE

A Resort Hotel of High Quality

Open from May 1st to December 1st with superior accommodations for three hundred guests. Apartments decorated and furnished under exclusive orders for lease engagement.

DAVID B. PLUMER, Manager

Represented at 54½ East 46th St., New York. Phone 3278-38th.

The Modern Law Office

(Continued from page 252)

of the affair and his arrest should be caused at once. I am surprised your guests passed your inspector uninventoryed and unquarantined. You say you have done so already and looked in the family strong-box before notifying the press of your loss? Really, Mrs. Goblet, I fear that your loss has temporarily deprived you of your reason. But they may not have been found yet. I will notify the press at once, but let me caution you to keep your dressing room and boudoir locked, at least until the evening papers are out, and above all do not look for them on your dressing-table, for you will probably find them there. Good-by. It will appear in the evening papers without fail. Good-by."

"You will pardon me, I know," he said, as he arose and put on his hat. "Your matter was with reference to—" "The recovery of \$10,000,

A good car, a good road,
and a supply of
Evans' Ale

—with a good friend to share it.
Could mortal ask for greater joy?

Ask the lucky friend.

In "splits" as well as regular size bottles. Leading Dealers.

which my customer refuses to pay me," I replied. "Oh, yes," said he, "that goes to our Collection Department, three rooms to the right. Our rates are fifty per cent down and forty-five per cent additional upon recovery, exclusive of costs, which of course belong to us as your attorneys. I am sorry to leave you, but one of our clients is going to give a little dinner to-night and I promised to arrange the details for him with the police. Oh, yes, the matter will be promptly attended to. You will surely hear from us by the latter part of next month. There will only be a slight charge for this interview. Five hundred dollars is our usual charge for consultations, but since you are a friend of Mr. Wisenheimer we will not quarrel over the amount and will make it two hundred and fifty. Remember me to Mr. Wisenheimer when you meet him. I haven't seen him for three months. The cashier is on the left as you go out. Good-by, sir. Kindly pay at the desk." W. M. S.



**HARTSHORN
SHADE ROLLERS**

Bear the script name of
Stewart Hartshorn on label.

Get "Improved," no tacks required.

Wood Rollers Tin Rollers

• LIFE •

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin.

908 MILES IN 1080 MINUTES.

The "Pennsylvania Special" is the climax of development in railroad transportation. It is operated primarily in behalf of the busy man.

Under the train is the finest roadbed. Above the rails is the most completely equipped train. On the train is a picked crew. Alongside the tracks is the best Signal System. This combination makes for speed, regularity, safety, and utter comfort.

The "Pennsylvania Special" has made good for many years. It is an asset to the business man. He can recreate on it or work as humor or necessity dictates, but he is using the minimum of time in meeting his engagements.

Three quarters of the circumference of the clock-dial, all in the off hours, is its daily deed.

The "Pennsylvania Special," the pioneer 18-hour train between New York and Chicago, leaves New York every day at 3.55 P. M. and arrives in Chicago 8.55 A. M. Returning it leaves Chicago 2.45 P. M. and arrives in New York at 9.45 A. M.



"MA, I WANT TO SEE THE FAT LADY"

He Finally Won Out

"Nettie," cried the enamored young man, "I love you, and would go to the world's end for you."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't, James," retorted the sweet girl graduate. "The world, or the earth, as it is called, is round like a ball; therefore it has no end."

"Yes, I know," continued the e. y. m., "but what I meant was that I'd do anything to please you. Ah dearest, if you knew the aching void"—

"Now I am surprised, James," interrupted the s. g. g. "Nature abhors a vacuum, and there is no such thing as a void; but admitting that there could be such a thing, how could the void you speak of be void if there was an ache in it?"

"Oh, well," rejoined the young man, "at least I've got cash and property amounting to nearly \$100,000, and I want you to be my wife. So, there!"

"James," rejoined the fair one without a moment's hesitation, "since you put it in that light, I haven't the heart to refuse you. Let the wedding bells ring without unnecessary delay."—
Chicago News.



Good health means a clear eye, good judgment, more endurance. The morning bath does it.

The Speakman Portable Shower Bath
(See the Clip) 127

Turns A Duty Into PLEASURE

A full size, durable fixture, one which is always working. Note the Clip attachment, which will fit any double bath faucet, can be attached and detached instantly.

Do not be misled by cheap showers offered, with inferior connections for the faucet.

The shower can be returned if you are not pleased when you receive it. Sold by the plumbing trade in all cities.

24" curtain ring; white duck curtain with hold-back hook; 6¼" needle head; non-bursting rubber tubing and Clip Attachment. All metal parts made of brass heavily nickel plated. Complete \$12.50



SPEAKMAN SUPPLY & PIPE CO.
RIVERVIEW WORKS,
Wilmington, Delaware.
Manufacturers of the Largest Line of Showers Made.
New York Office, 156 Fifth Ave.

• LIFE •

CLARK'S CRUISES AROUND THE WORLD

by S. S. "Cleveland," 18,000 tons, brand new, Oct. 16, '09, from N. Y., and Feb. 5, '10, from Frisco, \$650 and up.
12th Annual Orient Cruise, Feb. 5, '10, \$400 up, by Lloyd S. S. "Grosser Kurluerst," 73 days, including 24 days in Egypt and Palestine.
FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York.

The Light of Stars, by Hattie Donovan Bohannon. (R. F. Fenno & Co. \$1.00.)

The Strain of White, by Ada Woodruff Anderson. (Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.)

Lanier of the Cavalry, by General Charles King. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Sainte-Beuve, by George McLean Harper. (J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.50.)

Negro Lingo

Senator Taylor of Tennessee tells of an old negro whose worthless son was married secretly. The old man heard of it and asked the boy if he was married. "I ain't sayin' I ain't," the boy replied. "Now, you Rastus," stormed the old man, "I ain't askin' you is you ain't; I is askin' you ain't you is."—*Troy Times*.



THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON

"CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD. THEY TOIL NOT, NEITHER DO THEY SPIN."

A Financier

The negro, although proverbially improvident, sometimes has his weather eye open.

A man gave a dime to a young darky who had done him some trifling service. The darky handed it back. "Now, Marse Billy," he said, "you knows I doan' want no pay for what I does for you. Des gimme dat ole suit o' clo'es youse got on."—*Youth's Companion*.

MRS. KICKER: If you are going to another of those banquets, I don't suppose you will

HOT DAYS HOT NIGHTS

suggest the fragrant Julep or
High Ball made of

HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

For recuperation and restoration.
It is a pure tonical stimulant.



Sold at all first-class cafes
and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

know the number of the house when you get back.

MR. KICKER: Oh, yes, I will; I unscrewed it from the door and am taking it with me.—*Kansas City Journal*.

"You are all the world to me," said the man who had been twice divorced.

"Yes," replied the pretty grass widow, "and if I married you it wouldn't be long before you would be looking around for new worlds to conquer."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"You say you are in love with Miss Baggs?" "I sure am." "But I can't see anything attractive about her." "Neither can I see it. But it's in the bank, all right."—*Cleveland Leader*.



Have you tried The 1909 Issue OF SCHULTZE OR NEW E. C.?

Their special qualities are
STABILITY
PERFECT PATTERNS
EXCELLENT VELOCITY
EASY ON THE SHOULDER

Shells loaded with either
of these powders can be purchased
through any dealer.

Send 12 cents in stamps for a set of six
pictures illustrating "A Day's Hunt."
Address Dept. S.

**E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS
POWDER CO.**

Wilmington, Del., U. S. A.

Latest Books

The Lady of the Dynamos, by Shaw and Beckwith. (Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.)

With the Night Mail, by Rudyard Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.00.)

The Great Wet Way, by Alan Dale. (Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.)

The Landlubbers, by Gertrude King. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

A Talk on Relaxation, by Alice Katharine Fallows. (A. C. McClurg & Co. 35 cents.)

Shakespeare Lexicon, by —. (The Macmillan Co. 45 cents.)

Self-Measurement, by William De Witt Hyde. (B. W. Huebsch. 50 cents.)

The Rule of Three, by Alma Martin Estabrook. (Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.25.)

White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"

Now ready, 1909 edition of the famous "Richard's Poor Almanack," the hit of 1908. Beautifully bound and illustrated humorous book. Sent for 10c. Address White Rock, Flatiron Bldg., New York City.



Glad Rag Number

Issue of Sept. 9 On newsstands Sept. 7

What Is Life Without Glad Rags?

Oliver Wendell Holmes said that the consciousness of being well dressed was better than the consolation of religion.

That's What Every American Woman Knows—and Practices

Now about this Glad Rag Number—we could give you, in advance, some idea of its supremely satisfying sartorial scintillations and its monumental, mirth-moving, mope-dispelling, immaculately correct and hysterically delightful features.

But why do this? Did you ever see a table of contents formulated in advance by a hyper-fervid publisher's ad writer that was interesting?

We never did.

No. It is enough to say that the Glad Rag Number is on its joyous way toward you, ripping with revelry, both by day and by night. It reveals, better than our poor words can convey, the great progress in the arts and sciences, metal work, hose companies, rat renewers, switches, buttonholes, hand-grenades, explosive powders, landscape gardening, outside decorating, spinning and weaving and compressing, whalebone, slats, elastic bands, straight fronts, tapes, trimmings and tucks, chiffon, fig leaves and health bands, gold clasps, tiaras and tin foil, red paint, lampblack, peaches and cream, high neck, low neck and no neck, that has been made since Eve began to grow nervous over the first Fall announcement.





*The sweetheart of
the corn*

Kellogg's
**TOASTED
CORN FLAKES**
The package of the genuine bears this signature
W. K. Kellogg
Toasted Corn Flake Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
Canadian Trade Supplied by the Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flake Co., Ltd., London, Ont.

Kellogg's
**TOASTED
CORN
FLAKES**
W. K. Kellogg
TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO.
BATTLE CREEK, MICH.
The sweetheart of the corn